PIONEERS WHO ARE STILL WITH US

They Include ex-Senators Stewart and Jones, of Nevada; Senators Perkins and Teller, of California and Colorado, Respectively; and Joaquin Miller, "Poet of the Sierras."

Stewart and Jones Have Made and Lost Several Fortunes Apiece, and had Narrow Escapes from the Indians—Perkins, a Runaway, Found Fame and Fortune in Land of Gold.

By DEXTER MARSHALL.

Of the handful of pioneers who are still with us, none—not even excepting the inimitiable Joaquin Miller—has had a more adventurous or picturesque career than William M. Stewart, some time silver Senator from Nevada, and now, hale and hearty in his eighty-third year, enjoying the third fortune he has accumulated since the gold fever of '49 carried him from Yale to California, where he arrived in 1850 with the equivalent of a ten dollar bill in his pockets.

Each of Stewart's fortunes has been earned in the Silver State, and each had for its basis lawyer's fees derived from litigious men obessed with the idea of snatching riches from the earth's bowels. Though he began as a miner, and as such accumulated $8,000 in the short space of three months, Stewart realized before he had been a gold hunter six months that the safest road to wealth was not by the pick and spade. So he studied law at nights when others gambled and drank, and two years after going West, secured admission to the bar.

As a miner he had been popular with the boys—he was brawny, fearless, optimistic, and a fascinating talker. As a lawyer his gift of gab seemingly hypnotized jurors as effectively as it had his fellow-miners. At any rate, he had remarkable success winning cases right from the start; it speedly became a proverb that a case was three-fourths won with "Bill" Stewart retained, and many a race of rivals took place to his office to see who would retain him first.

SENATOR HENRY M. TELLER.
From a Photograph Taken in Denver Last Summer.

Asks Large Fees.

"Bill" Stewart, hard-headed Scotch-American that he has always been, displayed no hesitancy in asking large fees, and it frequently happened that when a victorious client came to balance up his worldly possessions he found that his lawyer owned most of the property under litigation. Thus, the first fortune was won by the time Nevada came into the Union, and Stewart was sent to Washington as one of its first Senators.

He was in the Senate twelve years. At the expiration of his second term he was all but "broke" by bad speculations. He had made a fortune as a mining lawyer; he would turn the golden trick again. Returning to Nevada, he once more hung out his shingle. Fortunately for Stewart, this event occurred at the time when the famous Comstock lode was a matter of fierce litigation, the principal point at issue being whether the claims extended the width of the lode or only a certain number of feet. Stewart took the ground that they extended the width of the lode; this view was upheld by the courts, and at one stroke he secured a fortune of half a million dollars.

When he was returned to the United States Senate in 1885, Stewart was several times a millionaire; when he left in 1905 he was dead broke financially—bad speculations again—but not in spirit.

A gray-headed patriarch of seventy-eight, he packed up his old standby—his law library—took it with him to Bull Frog, then a newly opened mining camp, and for the third time of his life hung out his shingle, this time in front of a tent. Once again his legal services were in demand, and by the time he got a friendly tip on stocks that turned out exceedingly well he accumulated quite a few thousands o' "dust." To-day he is in no danger of becoming the wolf's victim.

Had Many Experiences.

Stewart's pioneer-day experiences would fill the traditional book.

While he was swinging a pick in the big camp of Washoe, a fellow-miner one day came running into camp and shouting excitedly, "Petticoats! Petticoats!" Now, most of the miners had not seen a woman for months, and as one man they dropped their implements, their bottles, and their cards, and started out to seek the woman.

Pretty soon they espied a prairie schooner driven along the trail toward the camp by a lank individual who subsequently turned out to be from Missouri. "She's in there," shouted the excited miner who had given the alarm. Quicker than it takes to tell it, the wagon was surrounded and the driver begged to trot out his woman. He was willing, but the lady was not. After waiting patiently for fifteen minutes for to change her mind (innocent fellows, they were!) the miners retired to make the air blue in their disappointment.

When the "cussing" had become superbly picturesque, young "Bill" Stewart hove in sight. The trouble was explained to him.

"Say, boys," he shouted, mounting a position of vantage, "the woman's shy; what lady wouldn't be, with so many strange whiskers about? We've got to coax her out. Let's raise a little purse, just to show our good intentions."

Hat Full of Gold Dust.

The miners fairly mobbed Stewart in their efforts to deposit gold dust in his slouch hat. When it was filled he was told off as spokesman for the crowd, and the miners once more moved on the land schooner. They had formed in a hollow space around it, and Stewart fired off a speech. First, he assured the man that "the boys" meant no harm to him or his, launced into an eloquent and tear-moving plea to the lady to show herself, and sprung as his peroration the news that "the boys" had made up a little gift for her, in order to show their appreciation of her visit—and—and would she not do them the honor of accepting the gift in person.

The man in the wagon seat caught the glint of gold in the old hat.

"Sa!" he shouted, in a thoroughly business-like tone.

A moment later, as the canvas flaps parted and a none too prepossessing and scared-looking woman was framed in them, a mighty cheer rent the atmosphere, and "Bill" Stewart gallantly stepped forward and placed $3,000 worth of gold dust in the hands of the first woman ever to make Washoe.

One of Stewart's many close calls came to him one day in 1860, when he was driving from Downieville, Cal., to Carson City, with his law library stowed away in a cart.

His four mules were clipping off about eight miles an hour, when an armed Indian emerged from the sage brush ahead and motioned that he wanted a ride. The white man pulled in his mules and the red man climbed up to the seat.

Disdains to Kill Him.

For several miles the two rode on in silence. Then Stewart beheld ahead, on a roadside bowlder, another armed redskin. From the corner of his eye he saw the Indians exchange signals, and he sprang for his companion's weapon as the Indian on the rock aimed his rifle. Fortunately for Stewart, the mules, taking alarm at the noise of the life-and-death scuffle, ran away, and the shot went wide of its mark. Stewart succeeded in disarming his companion, and disdaining to kill him, stunned him with a blow from a brawny fist and hurled him into the sage brush.

Another thrilling chapter in Stewart's life occurred when he had the temerity to brave a mob of miners clamoring for the life of an Englishman who had been accused of the worst crime in the decalogue of the '49er—horse theft.

Though a score or so of bristling guns were leveled at his head by as many determined men, Stewart unflinchingly demanded that the mob hear him. His insistence on this point—and he an unarmed man at that—won the admiration of the crowd, and they gave heed to him.

Right on the spot, where it had been planned to string up the prisoner, Stewart declared that the man was going to have a fair trial. He announced that he himself would act as judge. He summoned a jury. He called up the witnesses and quizzed them. Then he made a typical early Western harangue, pointing out the lack of evidence against the prisoner. The crowd was convinced, the jury freed the prisoner, and six hours later the real horse thief was decorating an accommodating limb of a cottonwood tree.

The year that Stewart was admitted to the bar found him in politics and office—that of district attorney in California. From then on until he left the Senate in 1905 he divided his time between seeking gold and political fortunes.

All the years that Stewart has spent in the National Capital have not tamed him. He will be a pioneer in make-up—body and mind and spirit—to the death. He is irascible, outspoken, free to criticise, hearty, bluff, ingenuous of manner; and he looks like a prophet—and can talk like a fishwife.

Another ex-Senator Pioneer.

The career of John P. Jones, also a pioneer and ex-Senator from Nevada, offers some rather interesting parallels with that of his old-time colleague, who is two years his senior.

Both spent their boyhood days in Ohio, whither their parents moved when the boys were young. Each went to California in the first days of the gold excitement. Both were practical miners; both had hair-breadth escapes from Indians, and both early took a hand in the political fortunes of the new country. After a more or less brief stay in California, each man went to Nevada, and there made and lost a couple of fortunes between 1865 and 1880; but while Stewart made his various "piles" out of litigation over mining properties, Jones made his through mining, straight. Both men were Republicans from the organization of the party; when the silver issue became uppermost in 1896 both dramatically withdrew and supported Bryan; and when silver ceased to be an issue both returned to their first love. Each represented Nevada in the Senate thirty years.

Stewart's reputation for bravery in the early days was no greater than Jones'. It took an absolutely fearless man to be sheriff in the West in those days, and Jones' first important political office was that of sheriff. An incident in his life when he was superintendent of the Crown Point and Kentucky mines, on the southern end of the Comstock, shows the sort of sterling bravery he exhibited from the day he, a lad of nineteen, and his brother hit the golden West together.

An alarm of fire coming from the 1,000-foot level of one of the mines, Jones led the rescue, and in a comparatively short time had all but nineteen men on the surface. With a handful of volunteers he dashed down again into the burning level, and succeeded in getting all but one of the nineteen out of harm's reach.

By this time the level was a raging furnace, the man who had been running the cage had been overcome by smoke and strain, and there was momentary danger that the cage itself would fall.

Youth Comes to His Aid.

Though Jones doubtless realized all this, he again called for volunteers. Not one of the great, able-bodied men about him so much as haltingly lifted a foot forward; it remained for a stripling of sixteen to step to his chief's side.

Together they disappeared down the maw of the mine. Silently the miners waited around the opening, and as the minutes dragged their length away there was many an ominous shaking of the head. Finally, when some of the more pessimistic were already muttering that the boss and the boy had surely been overtaken by flame or smoke, Jones, with the listless body of the miner over one arm and his lone volunteer overcome and in one corner of the cage, pulled all three to the top of the shaft and safety.

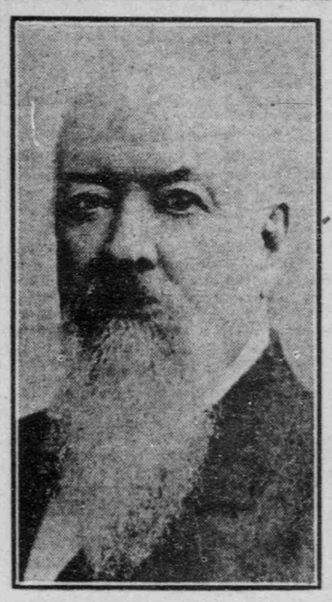
To make this little chapter of real life seem more like the culminating scene in a Third avenue melodrama, let it be added that the three men were barely out of the cage before it broke loose and went dashing to the bottom of the shaft.

Jones' share of the profits of these mines amounted to several million dollars. A few years later all this fortune, big for those days, had been dissipated by bad investments. Nothing daunted, Jones plunged into the fortune-seeking business again, and when he entered the Senate in 1873 he was easily worth $5,000,000. To-day, after half a century spent in equally turbulent mining and political camps, he is quietly passing his remaining years at Santa Monica, Cal.

Pioneer Perkins and Miller.

Like the Silver State, the Golden State can boast of two very well-known pioneers—George C. Perkins, its senior Senator, and the far-famed "poet of the Sierras," Joaquin Miller.

Ten years younger than ex-Senator Jones, of Nevada, Senator Perkins had tasted well of adventure before he started for the Coast in 1855. At twelve he had run away from his farm home in Maine and shipped as a cabin boy. He and a boy companion had sneaked into the palace grounds of King Oscar of Sweden, been accosted by that royal gentleman, and given the liberty of the grounds. For



JOHN P. JONES,
Ex-Senator from Nevada, Who Has Made Several Fortunes.

four years he had knocked about on the deep before the mast, and before the mast he sailed around the Horn to the Coast.

During the long journey thither the skipper became fond of the lad, especially as he displayed great aptitude as a sailor. "If you'll stick by the ship and go with her to Calcutta," he said in effect to Perkins, "I'll make you third mate by the time we reach there."

It was a tempting offer, but the gold fever was raging in the boy's brain. He drew his wages, invested in a small arsenal, and, in the company of a shipmate, set out to seek his fortune.

Oroville is about 150 miles from San Francisco; Perkins walked it, with a blanket pack on his back. He had not been swinging a miner's pick very many days before he arrived at the very sane conclusion that the surest way to get money is not to dig it out of the ground. Therefore, he hired himself out as a grocer's clerk, and registered a determination to get his riches by catering to the wants of mining men.

Buys a Ferryboat.

About the time he had saved $800 toward this end he met a ferryman whose boat had brought up on a sand bar. Said boatman talked picturesquely about getting out of the blankety-blank business. Perkins asked what he wanted for the boat.

"A thousand," was the reply.

Perkins scratched his head, made up his mind that here was a good chance to turn an honest profit, and got an option for the day on the boat.

Perkins' first move was to draw his savings out of the bank. His next was to start at one end of the business street of Oroville on a borrowing expedition. By the time the other end was in sight he had the other two hundred, and "just as the sun went down" he found himself the owner of a very well stranded ferryboat.

During the next eight weeks or so Perkins put in his spare time cutting terra firma from under his purchase. While the boat was stranded the people found out what a convenience it had been while running. When Perkins at last had it afloat again a good business came his way, and he shortly found a purchaser at three times what the boat had cost him.

Buys Out a Store.

It was partly with the proceeds of this shrewd deal that Perkins bought an interest in the store in which he clerked. His next important business move was to buy out the whole business; and when he had made it turn in large profits he went into milling. Since that day he has been one of the big business men of the Coast, his interest including banking, mining, and steamships by the line.

Like Stewart and Jones, Perkins could not keep out of the political game very long. He dabbled in it almost from the day he began to clerk in Oroville. In 1868 his neighbors thought enough of him in a political way to send him to the legislature as a senator. He quit this post in 1876; three years later he was elevated to the gubernatorial chair. This he occupied until 1883; ten years later he was appointed United States Senator to fill out the unexpired term of Leland Stanford. He has been a national toga wearer ever since.

Perkins' friends say that the events in his career of which he is proudest were his election in 1897 and again in 1903 to the Senate while he "was absent from the State attending to his Congressional duties." This quotation is from the Congressional Directory; it is the custom for Senators and Representatives to prepare their own biographies for the book, and it is the only statement in the biography that comes anywhere near like having a boastful ring in it.

Strong Sense of Humor.

Like the typical pioneer that he is, Perkins has a strongly developed sense of humor, and his fund of laughable stories of hardship days is well nigh inexhaustible. There is a no more democratic man in America in the millionaire and over class, and as for his being ashamed that he was once a cabin boy, why, bless you, there is his Congressional biography, which gives the name of the vessel in which Perkins first ran away to sea.

As a toga-wearer Perkins has not made a noise like a great legislator. Still, he is well thought of in the Senate, his advice is frequently sought by his colleagues, especially on Western and Coast questions, and in this way he sometimes stamps national legislation with his views.

Joaquin Miller is so well known in almost every hamlet of the land that it seems hardly necessary to say anything more about him than that he is still alive, and that his own accounts of his pioneer life are so much at variance one with the other in essential statements that it is a case of take your choice, according to individual fancy.

Goes to London.

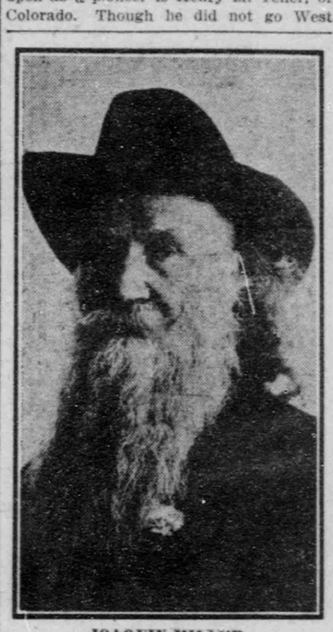
As a pioneer in Oregon, whither his parents moved from Indiana when he was a child, Idaho and California, Miller for years certainly led a varied, but by no means monotonous life as miner, express pony rider, seditious editor, lawyer, county judge, Indian prisoner, and fighter, and soldier of adventure in Nicaragua. Then, early in the '70's, he added to his string of experiences by starving in a London garret while he endeavored to get a publisher to take up his poems. This effort proving fruitless, he himself managed, in 1873, to get out a small edition of the poems. He sent a copy of the book to every newspaper critic whose name he had gathered in his search for a publisher, and almost immediately thereafter he was hailed as a remarkable new literary find, and from that day to this he has been the "poet of the Sierras." Incidentally, he was the pet of London's drawing-rooms until his eccentricities and his boots palled on the wearers of titles. Then Joaquin sailed for home.

Since his trip to the Klondike in 1898, Miller has led a comparative monotonous existence. He is sitxy-six now, and perhaps is feeling his years, though he is as rugged looking to-day as he was in his prime. His beard is thrice as luxuriant and is even more sweeping than the one behind which ex-Senator Stewart hides the lower part of his face. Of the four pioneers mentioned, Perkins is the only one who has cropped his beard to the standard dimensions of the twentieth century.

Though Miller can reel off poetry and poetic prose by the yard of a morning, as he lies propped up in bed with pillows, he is not impracticable, like most fellow-poets, and in his day he has made a lot of money in Wall street. In financial matters he has not been one whit eccentric; in all else he most certainly has, and especially in his accounts of his life. The man who undertakes to write a complete biography of Joaquin will have his troubles.

Half Dozen Famous Pioneers.

Another Senator who should be looked upon as a pioneer is Henry M. Teller, of Colorado. Though he did not go West



JOAQUIN MILLER,
"Poet of the Sierras."

until 1861, and then only as far West as the State which he represents in the Senate, still Colorado was very much pioneer country in those days, and Teller was one of its pioneer legal lights and railroad builders; from 1865 to 1870 he was president of the Colorado Central Railroad. Elected Senator when Colorado came into the Union, and taking his seat in December, 1876, he has remained a Senator ever since, excepting, of course, the period from April, 1882, to March, 1885, when he was Secretary of the Interior under Arthur.

Like Stewart and Jones, Teller became a Republican at the party's organization, and left when the silver question came to the fore. Unlike them, he has not returned to his old allegiance, and the last time he was re-elected to the Senate it was as a Democrat. Until he became Senator he had never held a political office; thus he has held only two political offices in his thirty-odd years in office.

Unlike the average pioneer, Teller never succumbed to the mining fever. In fact, he has been overcautious in mining matters, if anything. The tale is told of him that a quarter of a century or so ago he was strongly urged by two friends, in whom he had implicit confidence, to buy a third of a certain mine in which they were going to invest. Teller fought shy; he didn't have the money, and he would not think of giving his note. The mine yielded a fortune to the friends in a few years. The Senator is seventy-seven, and in appearance reminds one of a Baptist minister of the old school, his clerical dress helping out the resemblance. He was born and raised in New York State, moved to Illinois as a young man, and from there carried his law books to Colorado.

D. O. Mills Goes West.

D. O. Mills, who threw up a clerkship in New York, and went west by the Panama route in 1848 and became the Coast's pioneer financier and banker; Claus Spreckels, the German immigrant, who started as a small storekeeper in San Francisco in 1856 and became the Coast's first sugar refiner; James B. Haggin, Kentucky-born, who tossed aside his law books of Natchez, Miss., when word was passed around of the California gold discoveries, and a year later was well started on his career of accumulating a fortune by mining—these are three other well-known pioneers who are still with us, and whose careers read much like stories from "Arabian Nights." Mills is now eighty-two, the oldest of all the best-known pioneers. Haggin has lived a decade over man's allotted span, and Spreckles lacks one year of being the same age.

Ask the school youngster of the Northwest who is the country's greatest living pioneer, and every chick and child will shout, "James J. Hill." He is that region's great transportation pioneer, no doubt about that.

Then there is Ezra Meeker. The old farmer isn't as famous or as rich as any of the other pioneers here mentioned, but he is prouder of the title "Oregon trail man" than he would be, probably, of a million or two in his own name.

Years ago, when Oregon was the Mecca of thousands of restless Americans, Meeker went there over the Oregon trail. Last fall he completed a trip east to Washington from the Pacific Coast over the old trail. He made the trip in a prairie schooner, a replica of the one in which he and his wife went West in 1852, when he was twenty-two. This latter-day pilgrimage he undertook in the interests of the movement to get Congress to put through a bill making the famous old trail a national highway. Meeker's trip ended with a hearty reception by the President, and the long, white-whiskered, hardy old pioneer and his yoke of oxen also met with a hearty reception all along the route. The trail is now marked with all sorts of monuments erected by Meeker during his trip. It took him almost two years to reach the White House with his "schooner" and his oxen.

PLAYING TO THE GALLERY.

Super Gets Cheers When He Adds to His Lines.

"Better a glorious shame than a shameful glory!" exclaimed the heroic Robert Trueboy, and "exited" to prison amid thundering applause. There were two more acts to come so that everybody in the audience felt pretty safe.

But the youthful super behind the scenes chafed with envy. How could a man "act" when he had but one line to speak? He was resolved.

In act IV, scene III, he got his chance. "My lord," he announced as usual, "the carriage waits."

But, to the astonishment of his fellow-players, he did not then effect his customary retirement. He advanced to the footlights.

"And allow me to add," he exclaimed, with great vigor and animation, looking up at the crowded gallery, "that the man who will lift his hand against a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy of the name of Briton!"

How they cheered!

It was his glorious moment.

OHIO PICKS MANY WINNERS

Proves to Be on Right Side in Nearly All Republican Conventions.

With Exception of Supporting John Sherman, It Has Been on Band Wagon.

Apropos of Ohio's first Presidential primary, held last week, the Boston Transcript calls attention to the fact that the Buckeye State has proved herself the maker as well as the mother of Presidents in the thirteen conventions of the Republican party. Had it not been for the loyalty of the Buckeye delegates to the luckless candicacies of John Sherman, Ohio would have backed the winners in practically all of the contests for the nomination of President.

In the first convention Ohio proposed the names of Judge John McLean and Salmon P. Chase. Both names were withdrawn in the interest of the party, but delegates insisting, Judge McLean received some votes in the informal ballot that preceded the nomination of Fremont. On the direct and only formal ballot Ohio gave fifty-five delegates to John C. Fermont and thirty-nine to McLean.

In 1860 Ohio split its votes for three ballots, and at the end of the third ballot, when 29 votes were given to Lincoln, 15 to Chase, and 2 to McLean. It was Ohio's change of four votes that nominated Lincoln. The delegation made its votes unanimous immediately.

In 1864 Delegate Delano, of Ohio, proposed Abraham Lincoln by acclamation. The convention agreed with him.

In 1868 Judge Spalding, of Ohio, presented Gen. U. S. Grant for President, and the State gave him 42 votes. He was nominated.

In 1872 Ohio proposed and accomplished the renomination of President Grant. In 1876 Ohio proposed its governor, Rutherford B. Hayes, for President, gave him 44 votes, and stuck to him until he was nominated on the sixth ballot.

In 1880 Ohio offered its son, John Sherman, to the convention as its choice and gave him all her delegates throughout 35 ballots. On the thirty-sixth ballot James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was nominated, the State giving him 43 votes—Garfield alone voting for Sherman.

1884—Again Ohio presented John Sherman, but was divided in its support. 21 votes were given to James G. Blaine, and 25 to Sherman. These figures were reversed on the third ballot, and on the fourth Ohio withdrew Sherman's name and accomplished the nomination of Blaine.

1888—Ohio's loyalty to Sherman again put the State out of the winning colum. It gave him a solid vote until the eighth ballot, when 45 delegates voted for him and one voted for Benjamin Harrison, the nominee.

1892—Ohio backed its favorite son, McKinley, with 45 votes, giving but one to Benjamin Harrison, who was renominated on the first ballot.

1896—Ohio's 46 votes were cast for William McKinley, the convention's unanimous nominee.

1900—McKinley, again nominated unanimously, received Ohio's solid support.

1904—Ohio gave its 46 votes to Theodore Roosevelt, who was unanimously nominated.

MODERN SUBWAYS

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

The completion of the Hudson River tunnel, at the opening of which the governors of New York and New Jersey will meet Tuesday, represents the opening of a new era in transportation. Americans have come to look upon the construction of the Panama Canal as the most gigantic task of history. And such it is, in a certain sense. But the great engineering projects that are collectively being carried on in New York City to-day makes the Panama Canal look like a sort of irrigation ditch; $600,000,000 has already been appropriated for the great projects in and around New York. Plans that have already passed the formative stage, and which are certain to be completed within the decade between 1904 and 1914 call for the expenditure of another billion dollars. The total which conservative authorities estimate will be spent on engineering projects in and around New York City in the fifteen years between 1900 and 1915 will amount to enough to build eight Panama Canals, or sixteen of the Suez kind.

There are now completed, or under construction, sixteen tunnels under the rivers that make Manhattan an island. Eight of these tubes are under East River, six of them are under the Hudson, and two of them under the Harlem. This takes no account of the six projected from the Brooklyn Bridge to the Battery, nor of the four which are expected to be put under the Harlem, nor of the two that are expected to be driven under the East River above the Williamsburg Bridge. Hemmed in by three rivers, with the greater part of the population spending the day in Manhattan and the night at their homes across these rivers, the handling of the New York morning and evening crowds becomes one of the greatest problems a municipality has ever had to meet. It is estimated that three quarters of a million people cross these river boundaries twice a day. The growth of this out-and-in travel has been something without parallel. When the Brooklyn Bridge was opened in 1883 some sanguine people thought 10,000 people would use it every day. More matter-of-fact folk thought them dreamers. But even as far back as 1902, and traffic has increased vastly since then, it was estimate that 730,000 people passed across that structure on an average every day in the year.

Nothing like the underground work in New York has ever been accomplished. In all the rest of the world put together there is not as many miles of subaqueous tunnels as there are being driven under the rivers of that city. Boston has its underground railroads, so has Chicago, so has London, Paris, and other European cities. But the whole world stands eclipse before the stupendous work under the New York rivers.

In 1888 Frank James Sprague equipped and put into operation the first trolley line in the world. A year later a cylindrical tunnel shield was planned by John Henry Greathead, the eminent English engineer. It was these two inventions that made the tunneling of rivers a feasible proposition. Without electric power it would be practically impossible to operate in long tunnels of this nature. Steam power in the Park avenue tunnel on the New York Central has been tried and found wanting where there is heavy traffic. Animal power would have been out of the question. Without the tunnel shield it would have been impossible to drive a tunnel through the soft ground under the Hudson. It was these two inventions that have permitted New York to emancipate herself from river thralldom.

The city has been growing at the rate of about 200,000 every year for some time. At this rate every two years they add enough population to populate a city like Washington, with enough left over to make a city like Richmond. It is believed that the new tunnel and bridge facilities of the city will cause it and its suburbs to spread out over twice as much ground as they cover to-day, and that there will eventually be a compact city built up with a population not far from that of London and Paris combined.

C. M. Jacobs has probably contributed more to the building of the under-the-river tunnels than any other man. It was he who had charge of the construction of the gas tunnel under East River many years ago. The lessons he learned there have been of the greatest value in all the work that has followed.

When all the tunnel and subway systems now under construction are completed it will be possible for a person to go to any portion of the city, north, south, east, or west, without leaving a tunnel after he has once entered it. Likewise, he will be able to get off the city subway cars and take a train to any station in the United States without again coming above ground. The fight of the Pennsylvania to get into New York was almost without parallel in history. The most powerful railroad in the world for years knocked at the doors of the city government in vain, but once they got in, New York became free from the domination of the New York Central.

But not all of the underground railroads of the world are to be found in New York. The most famous underground railroad in the world to-day is the Simplon tunnel. It is nearly thirteen miles long, and brings Milan eighty miles closer to Paris by rail. It cost nearly $16,000,000. It was the plan of the railroad to run steam trains through it. But an enterprisping Milan electrical house asked to be allowed to install an electrical haulage system. The only terms upon which they would be allowed to install it were that they should bear the expense of its installation, and take it out if it was not thoroughly satisfactory. Moreover, they were to have it ready for operation within a very few months, less than half the time that would ordinarily be allowed for the same sort of work in this country. It was to be ready for opening by the time the gates of the Milan exposition were thrown open. It was a big task, and a heavy outlay of money, but the Milan electrical firm was game, and the job was ready for delivery on the appointed day.

With such an experience as this before them, Congress talked about requiring the railroads to operate electrical engines in the tunnel and approaches to the new Washington Union Station, the railroad people replied that electricity in train haulage was still in the experimental stage, and that Congress ought not to require them to make such costly experiments. And this in face of the fact that one of the protesting roads operates an electrical tunnel in Baltimore and the other is going to use electricity in New York!

The first underground railroad tunnel ever built was in London, in 1846. It was under construction more or less of the time from 1825. The first underwater tunnel to be constructed was that of the city of Chicago, which tunneled under Lake Michigan for some distance to get a pure water supply.

Not all of the tunnels of the country are for the use of railroads. In one instance a mountain has been tunneled to carry a part of a river through. Out in Colorado the irrigation service is building a six-mile tunnel through the Gunnison Mountain so as to carry part of the water of the Gunnison River down into the valley of the Uncompahgre. This valley is lower than that of the Gunnison. The Uncompahgre River is but a little stream that loses itself every few miles and furnishes but little water for irrigation purposes. There are tens of thousands of acres of land in its valley, however, that but await the coming of the waters of the Gunniston to be transformed into veritable bowers of fertility—a land flowing with more milk and honey than was known to even the Canaan of old. The project is an expensive one, but when it is remembered that each acre of land that had been worth less than a solitary brass tack, will be worth from $100 up to $500, it will be seen that it will be worth a heavy expenditure from Uncle Sam's money box.

Many strange and amusing things happen in the course of the construction of underground railroads. Some time ago in New York, where the deadly third rail is being rendered harmless by being so covered and protected that one can only touch it intentionally, a group of Italian laborers were trying to solve the mystery of motive power without steam. For days they tried to comprehend the new force and where it came from. At last they concluded that the third rail must have something to do with it. One of them took his crowbar and struck the rail. Of course he received a severe shock, but somehow he escaped with his life. He threw the crowbar away with a scream of pain and ran from the place like a wild man. He ran over a steep embankment and broke his leg. In falling, his crowbar made a short circuit between the third rail and another, and a disastrous fire occurred, putting the electrical apparatus out of commission for sometime. That Italian never put in his appearance again.

The underground railroad as a means of urban transportation has come to stay. While there are many little annoying details, such as ventilation, that have not been solved entirely to the satisfaction of the traveling public, yet, in the main the engineering difficulties have been solved. As a satisfactory means of transportation in the cities it has surpassed all others. Its first cost is heavy, but the cost of maintenance is not to be compared with that of elevated roads.

At Thirty-fourth street and Fourth avenue, New York, is perhaps the most remarkable railroad spot in the world. Down deep under the ground runs the Pennsylvania tunnel. Above that is the subway. Above that is the subway surface car line. And over them all is the surface line itself. No where else on the planet are such traffic facilities demanded as in New York. No where else, not even in London or Paris, could such stupendous undertakings be financed. As the United States leads the world in the great projects it undertakes and the wonderful engineering feats performed, so New York leads the United States. It spends more money per capita, probably, than any other city on earth, for public improvements, and certainly for underground railroads.

To-morrow—The Story of Arizona.

A Mammoth If You Like.

Picture a quadruped of such enormous proportions that if it sat on its haunches it would cover an area of one thousand three hundred and seventy-five square feet, its head would rear three hundred feet in the air—a beast which could squat down in the midst of a clump of gigantic pines and nibble the tender top sprouts from all the trees within an acre of its position!

They are digging out the bones of this extinct animal, and several pieces of the skeleton have been shipped to Vancouver. The sockets apparently held eyeballs eighteen inches to two feet in diameter.

The bones were discovered near Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands, and the remaining bones are being excavated for shipment.

Monarchs' Privileges.

Scarlet liveries in England are the King's exclusive privilege.

In Abyssinia royalties alone may wear an earring in the left ear.

In Persia none but the Shah is privileged to drive white horses with scarlet-dyed tail tips.

$22,500 FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK

Best Paid Position in England Is That of the Lord Great Chamberlain.

London, Feb. 22.—When Parliament reassembled the Marquis of Cholmondeley emerged from the comparative obscurity of a nobleman who possesses no intrinsic claims to eminence to perform some of the feats for which he draws from the public treasury the magnificent salary of $22,500 a year. For the Marquis of Cholmondeley is the present Lord Great Chamberlain of England, and when the King started the legislative mills grinding again the Lord Great Chamberlain came into the limelight as the monarch's master of ceremonies. Nobody is admitted who does not present a ticket bearing his signature. When it is over he has practically nothing to do until the time comes around to summon Parliament to business again.

It is only on those rare occasions when there is a coronation that the Lord Great Chamberlain has any other work to do. Then he becomes the most dignified, gorgeous, and glorified of all the titled flunkeys that dance attendance on the sovereign. On the coronation day it is his high privilege to carry to the King his state raiment. But for this he is allowed extra compensation. He is entitled to claim the royal nightgown and night cap, the bedstead and all the rest of the furniture of his majesty's bed chamber. It is one of his exalted hereditary privileges, too, to serve the King with water before and after the coronation banquet. For performing this arduous duty he is allowed to retain the basin and towels as his perquisites, and custom prescribes that the basin should be a gold vessel, worth something like $1,000. He isn't particular about the towels, but he always walks off with the basin. Instead of carting off the King's bedroom furniture, however, he compounds his claim for a tip of $1,000. In addition to this the King, out of his own purse, has to provide the Lord Great Chamberlain with forty ells (fifty yards) of crimson velvet for his coronation robe. Of course it doesn't take anything like that quantity of stuff to make the garment, but precedent demands it and precedent must be obeyed in such matters.

There are many functionaries in the United Kingdom who have what in America are called "soft snaps," but none of them get such big pay and does so little for it as the Lord Great Chamberlain. It is impossible to conceive of a billet that is more absolutely superfluous. But for that very reason many years are likely to elapse before it is abolished. The more useless an office is which represents an antique survival, the more tenaciously do conservative English insist on its retention.

The office is often confounded with that of the Lord Chamberlain, which is really a position of much less dignity. The Lord Chamberlain is at the head of the upstairs department of the King's household. The post is really something more than an ornamental one; there is some work attached to it, and that, presumably, is the reason why the pay is less than half that of the Lord Great Chamberlain.

There is no danger that the latter job will ever become extinct for lack of claimants to it. In fact, there are three Lord Great Chamberlains in the field. The office, which is one of state, was created by Henry I, who conferred it on Alberic de Vere, "to hold the same in fee to himself and his heirs, male and female, with all dignities and liberties thereto appertaining." Note the two words, "and female," for they kept the costly sinecure alive and let Lord Cholmondeley in. The office descended directly through nineteen generations of de Veres, and then, there being no son, was transmitted to Lord Willoughby de Eresby through his mother, who was aunt to the last de Vere.

The Willoughbys had it until their direct line failed, when the Great Chamberlainship passed to the two sisters of the last Willoughby. As two ladies cannot possibly be one lord, they agreed that the heirs of each of them should hold the office in alternate reigns. The heir of one was Lord Cholmondeley, who held the office under William IV; the heir of the other was Lord Willoughby, who held it under Queen Victoria. But when Lord Willoughby died, yet again two sisters succeeded him. His half of the Great Chamberlainship passed to Lady Willoughby and Lady Carrington. In the result it comes about that the office is in abeyance (which means in law language that it is there, but not vested in any one person) between Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Ancaster, and Lord Carrington; and that Lord Cholmondeley exercises it at present by the King's command. In the next reign Lord Carrington, or his successor, will take his innings, and after that Lord Ancaster will take his turn.

The Marquis of Cholmondeley is fifty years old. His estate covers 40,000 acres. His name is pronounced "Chumley," not "Marchbanks," as Mark Twain asserted. He has never gone in for anything much but sport, and is known among his friends as a "jolly good fellow." That is the reason why some of the Duke of Westminster's guests of Eaton Hall felt they were safe in making a midnight raid on his castle at Christmas and perpetrating the mock burglary which created such a sensation.